

# THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

\$2 Per Annum in Advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the Year.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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## THE INTELLIGENCER.

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BY  
HOWARD FALCONER,  
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1st Square.	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00	2 00	1 00	1 00	1 00	1 00
2nd Square.	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00	2 00	1 00	1 00	1 00
3rd Square.	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00	2 00	1 00	1 00
4th Square.	16 00	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00	2 00	1 00
5th Square.	18 00	16 00	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00	2 00
6th Square.	20 00	18 00	16 00	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00	3 00
7th Square.	22 00	20 00	18 00	16 00	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00	6 00	4 00
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9th Square.	26 00	24 00	22 00	20 00	18 00	16 00	14 00	12 00	10 00	8 00
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"District and State, \$10 00.

to be paid invariably in advance.

### The Quality.

"I reckon," said old Mrs. Placid, whilst making her first visit to the Edgerston cottage, "you hadn't seed many of your neighbors yet?"

"No, ma'am," said Laura, "we have been here so long, and none have been to see us until you. We were beginning to feel like unwelcome intruders. But I suppose they were all much attached to the people who lived here before us, and dislike seeing strangers in the place of their friends."

"Oh, no! that ain't it; they were afraid to come."

"Afraid!" said Laura, surprised, "afraid of what?"

"Well, we heard you was all quality, if you was broke, and was afraid we would get ourselves into the wrong box. We've seed them clowns and knows what they is," she continued, nodding her head knowingly.

"Why, I did not suppose," said Laura, smiling, "that we had anything so formidable in this quiet little town, and I am sure that our neighbors should make such large boasts of us, and suppose us wanting in civility to them."

"Oh, we wasn't a-minut in the civility. The quality lays on that so thick one minute till you begin to rub your eyes and wonder who you is—thinks sure you must be the Pope of Rome's wife; then they push you one side before you know it, like as if you wasn't fittin to tote their puppy dog. But these slyer a sight of trouble when folks begin to have anything to do with 'em. Now, then, the Featherbeds. They live eight miles off, but the quality is a sorter restless creature that allows a wanderer about on their range. Well, these mighty fine, and you see my daughter, Betsy Baker, likes fine things, and took to 'em mightily. She was powerful anxious for 'em to come to her, so one Sunday she seed 'em all at meeting, and axes 'em to come take dinner the next Saturday. Well, they all stood up thar in the meeting house and talked a power of dictionary talk 'bout 'exceedingly,' an 'exquisitely,' an 'interchange of rural hospitality,' but whether they was a coffin or no, Betsy she couldn't make out. But howsoever, Betsy 'lowed she better be on the right side, so she kept up a mighty fixin all the week. When Saturday came she had everything fine as a bride's cake, 'ceptin the dinner. Betsy 'lowed she wouldn't put that on till she had seed sure if they was a coffin. She had been workin mighty hard all the mornin, for and the niggers, a sudden up the house and dressen up their sleeves. But when levcner clock come, an no quality, Betsy gey 'em out, and they all took off their Sunday dress an went to gettin every day dinner. They had to hurry mightily, but it was all ready arter a while. The hands was workin close to the house, so Betsy just hollered to 'em to come to their dinner. Arter the dinner was all over, and everything washed up and set to rights, an the niggers all set to work, me an Betsy set down in the entry to cool an see. Bon't four o'clock Barney Baker come back from the cothouse, says he, 'Betsy, did them hired men come in to dinner?' 'Law,' says Betsy, 'I was so taken up expecting them Featherbeds folks to dinner, that I forgot all about your kiner Bill and Jim Jones to set rails, and bein as they're so far off, I reckon they didn't hear when I called the hands in. I didn't blow the horn.' 'Confound the quality,' says Barney, 'they're all just qualified for the lunatic asylum, and I reckon you'll go along with 'em, just to be with the quality when they go,' an he jerked down the horn an blowed a blast, and they were about all the stages that ever ran was 'ravin thar at once. Jest then we heard a mighty fess in the front yard, an when we looked, there was a fine carriage full of women, with horses hitched up with fishin reins, a cavortin about over the yard; and one of the puffed up niggers they had dressed up like soldiers, a settin on high benches outside the carriage, was bounce off like an injin rubber ball. I thought the creeter might be killed, and run to him, but he jumped right up and stood up before me, an made such a bow, you never seed the like of it, just like it was a part of his anatomy, an says he, 'Mrs. Featherbed, Miss Featherbed, Miss Nattie and Miss Angeline Featherbed.' By that time Barney had got the horses quiet, and says I, 'You Mr. Plucky, had better be a openin the door and let 'em in, they folks out, sildier standin here makin manners,' so he did it. It was well he took 'em who they was, for such a lookin, came I

never did see before. They had the back of their heads kivered with artificial flowers all fixed in little boucées, and little silk fans in their hands they called sunshades; I reckon they want much acquainted with the sun, or they wouldn't thought he was mindin them party little things. Then they had boucées all over their frock tails, and all over their capes, they called 'fanners,' and they was befoonded from the top of their heads to the bottom of their feet, and all the boucées pinto like windin-sheets, only a heap finer.

"Betsy had run back soon as she got the first glimpse, cause she had on a mighty dirty frock, but she put a new white satin shawl all over her, and then she looked as fine as any of 'em, and axed 'em to walk in and take seats, and set down, and be seated. Arter a while she told 'em she was lookin for 'em all the mornin. 'Oh,' says old Miss Featherbed, 'we engaged to be here to dinner; we never dine before four, and it wants some minutes to that now,' takin out her fine gold watch, tho' the clock was starin right before her. Betsy looked as blank as if she'd run for sheriff and didn't got a vote. But she run right in the kitchen, and the way she hallow-ed up Dilce and Alice, and Dina, and the whole truckin of 'em from the tater patch, and the wash tub, and the frein board, and all quarters, was slow.

"Soon as I got the quality all settled, I went out to help poor Betsy. I was sorry for her. Such a sight as the kitchen was! Thar was half-pickled turkeys, half-killed chickens, everybody runnin round, and Betsy lookin like she was the demon of cooks. Every side of the kitchen was hern, and she was turbin round all sides at once. Says I, 'Betsy, honey, do let me help you.' Says Betsy, 'Law, mar, what kin you do? Do pray go long in the house and talk to them ladies, and keep 'em from pryin about; but for the Lord sake, mar, don't talk nothin lowlife.'

"Well," says I, 'Betsy, I will try to talk anything you want me to.' Says she, 'Talk about the fishuns, and Washington, what they went to last winter.'

"So I goes in, and says I, 'You all seed my new fashions this year?' Says one on 'em, holdin up her head mightily high, 'We always receive from our mamma-mak-er and milliner the latest styles.' 'Well, now,' says I, 'I thought you wouldn't a spild yourselves that a way, your own selves; and to an be-hold, it's that mancher-maker woman. She sent you all these outlandish jim-cracks, and thought you didn't know no better.' I don't know what made Betsy think they'd like to talk 'bout the fishuns, for they didn't; I was cute enough to see that in a minute; so I tried Washington. Says I, 'You was to Washington last winter?' Says one, mighty brisk, 'Yes, we went to see our uncle take his seat in Congress as an honorable Representative.'

"Well," says I, 'I ain't clean best! So Jake Featherbed is a Congress man! Well, if he keep make speeches as fast as he ken lay, he's a gibb one. But I don't approve of people leavin off a good trade and takin up with what they don't know nothin at all about. Now Jake was a mighty good brick-layer.' 'You are mistaken, ma'am,' says she; 'my uncle is the Honorable Jacob Featherbed.'

Says I, 'I reckon I ain't mistaken. Old Jake never had but two sons, Zeks, your puppy, and young Jake.'

Well, if you believe it, Betsy was oot of it again—she was no ways anxious 'bout Washington; so I picked up a mighty fine little thing snuff-box, lyin in one of their laps, and says I, 'This is a new fashion snuff-box; mighty purty.'

"It is not a snuff-box," says she, right off short; 'it is a card case.'

Bless me, I looked right up to the top of the room, 'The Lord help your poor soul,' says I, 'why you int eighteen years old, and a carryin your cards about to play and gamble with all day long?'

Says she, 'These are not game cards, they are visiting cards.'

"Well," says I, 'do let me see 'em.'

She showed me one; 'twas nothin on the Lord's yearn, but a piece of white paste-board, with 'Miss Netty Featherbed' writ on it.

Says I, 'What does you do with these things?' 'Twant worth while to fetch 'em here; we all knowed you. And your nigger in the uniform told all of your names afore you could get a chance to tell 'em your names.'

Says she, 'When we wish to pay calls if we do not feel like going in ourselves, or the persons we are calling on are out, or do not wish to receive company, we just send our servant to the door with one of these, which is equivalent to a visit. We had some calls to make on the way here this mornin.'

"Well," says I, 'you all don't set much store by cash other's company, of a nigger in a soldier's jacket and a piece of pasteboard does as well, and I put it down mighty softy, a thinkin, "you had better make a snuff-box of it."

Well, I tried mighty hard to entertain poor Betsy. I told 'em all about blue dye and copperas dye, and how was the best way to get hens, and which sids would hatch pullets and which roosters, and how to keep a dog from suckin of 'em, and all about Betsy's baby alavin the measles and booping-cough, both at once. But of you believe me, they axes: heard a word I was sayin! So I run through and let 'em alone.

We was all a settin up behavin with all our might, when Betsy come to the door, and axed 'em all to walk out to dinner. It was a

powerful relief all round. When we got to the dinner room, thar was a mighty nice dinner spread out; and thar stood Barney, and Bill and Jim Jones, ready to set down. The quality looked at Jim and Bill, and then looked at each other, and looked for all the world like they never had been axed to eat dinner before, and didn't know whether to sit down or not.

Barney he knowed what they was arter, but I didn't. So says he, 'Ladies take seats and set down and help yourselves. Bill, you and Jim set down and fall too. These gentlemen, ladies, are my friends.'

Bill and Jim did sit right down and fall too, sure enough; they'd never eared a mite of the quality had a stood over 'em and stared at 'em a mornin.

The quality seemed like they was a gey in luck in the hall room. But they gave another look at the dinner, and I reckon they was as hungry as Bill and Jim was, for they set right down, sort o' desprit, and got themselves hoped.

Presently one on 'em looked at one of the nigger gals, and says, 'Girl, hand me the celery.'

Dilce looked at Betsy mightily hard; Betsy frowned at Dilce, and looked like she oughter know all about it, and says, 'Hand the salt-cellar.'

Dilce handed the salt-cellar. 'No!' says the quality gal, 'I asked for the celery.' She looked right hard in the plate of raw shelletons.

"Them is shelletons," says Barney.

The quality gal turned her nose right up at Betsy's shelletons, what never done her no harm, and says, 'I thought they were celery.'

"I'm very sorry," says poor Betsy. 'I didn't know you preferred celery to shelletons.'

"You needn't trouble yourself to be sorry," says Barney; 'we haint got no salary, and taint your fault if they don't grow here.'

Arter a while one on 'em had eat every-thing out of her plate right clean, and says she, 'Mr. Baker, I believe I will change my plate, and take a bit of that goose.'

"Certainly, ma'am," says Barney, mighty polite. So he cuts off a nice piece and axes it on his own plate, what was full of all sorts of things, and swaps plates with Miss Featherbed. Well, the notionate woman wouldn't eat a bite of Barney's dinner arter she got it, and I didn't know what made Barney look so sly, like he was doin mischief. Come to think on it, he knowed all the time that she wanted a right clean plate to eat that piece of goose off of.

Arter they had all made a mighty hearty dinner, the old lady tuck her hands and done 'em so as Dilce, like she wanted 'em rubbed. Well, the niggers had been runnin round the table all the time, and Dilce was lent on showing how smart she was. So she flew at the old soul's hands and to rubbin 'em like all possessed; but Miss Featherbed jerked 'em away, an says she, 'I wanted a finger-basin.'

Poor Betsy, she was tuck all aback agin. But she's a mighty smart woman, if she is my daughter, and don't often be put out. She 'membered in a minute the little porridge she keeps on the top shelf to give sick people chicken soup in. So she had it filled with water, and handed to Miss Featherbed.

She washed her hands in it, and all round her mouth, and then took a mouthful and washed out the inside of her mouth, and spit all back in the porridge. Thinks I, you don't get me to eat no more chicken soup out of that quality finger-basin.

The rest of the quality, when they seed thar was no more porridge, conin, all washed their hands in their tumblers. I looked with all my eyes to see 'em drink the water when they was done, and spit it back in the tumbler; but as good luck would have it, they didn't. I know it would a made Barney mighty mad to had to stann up all them new tumblers arter the quality had used 'em; and for my part, I can't see what they be doin their selves with everything they eat from, and can't get up from the table till they are washed. 'Twould a been a heap less trouble to poor Betsy if they had kept their hands under the table-cloth, and a let the niggers a fed 'em.

By the time the dinner doins was over it was party late. We thought sure they was a goin to stay all night. But the first thing we knowed, they axed for their hats. (That's what they call them posies they war on their heads.) Barney told 'em they better stay, that 'was dangerous to ride eight miles over that rough road arter dark.

"Oh," says one, 'we never go out before dark if we can avoid it; old So's too ardent beams are so overpowering.'

"Yes," says another, 'and the gentle moon-light is so soft and beautiful.'

"And," says another, 'so poetical and soul-inspiring.'

"And," says 'other, 'the twinkling stars looking like the ever-watchful eyes of our guardian angels.'

Barney looked like he thought it was his duty to warn 'em and to ax 'em to stay all night, but seemed mightily relieved when they wouldn't be warned. He told 'em there wasn't no moon; but they axed them and their coachman and horses and carriage was all use to ride about at night; so they fixed on their head gear and took their little run-fans and started.

Poor Betsy was hard to work to the last, gettin their supper, for she was bound to have that in time.

"Well, wife," says Barney, 'I don't know which looks the jadedest, you or my par of old oxen that Ben Gill has been workin most to death.'

"I don't think, Mr. Baker," says Betsy, 'you have much respect for your wife to compare her to your old oxen.'

Says he, 'Whether I have respect for her or not, I am gwine to take care of her, and you've got to let them quality folks alone. I don't see nothin in 'em that my wife should be a killin up herself a boot-blackin in this way.'

"Yes," says I, 'to say nothin of all the poultry that's been killed.'

We all went to bed pretty soon, cause you see the quality had pretty high used us up. But we went down in the night, and I reckon they was as hungry as Bill and Jim was, for they set right down, sort o' desprit, and got themselves hoped.

"The Lord bless my soul," says I, 'is your misses sent you here to fetch one of them visitin cards this time of night.'

He bowed again, and says, 'Mrs. Featherbed presents her respects to Mr. Baker, and would be much obliged could he lend his assistance. The coachman being deceived by the darkness of the night, was so unfortunate as to run off the side of the causeway and upset the carriage in a swamp.'

I seized him by the collar, and give him such a shaken, uniform and all, just like I was a makin up a feather-bed. Says I, 'You independent captain-general you, why didn't you say so at once! What did you stand a bowin and talkin quality talk to me for, and all your misses a slashing about heels over head in Cow Swamp!'

Barney heard me a talkin to a strange man, and come tumblin down stairs, rolled up in a blanket, and when he saw me a collar of the fine nigger, says he, 'Mother, jest turn that feller over to me.'

"Says I, 'Barney, go right up stairs and get into some close directly, and set right off. Them quality wimica and thar flanky nigger, and horses, and carriage, and little snuff fans, and posies, and snuff boxes, and visitin cards, is all keeled over in Cow Swamp.'

"Of course," says Barney, 'so much for gettin soul-inspired, and trustin to moonshine of a dark night, and stann eyes of guardian angels.' But he hurried off, and I give the nigger a shake, jest to remind him I had hold of him yet. 'Now,' says I, 'ran for your life to this fast jigger house you come to, and tell Dan, without no palaverin, and you, to jump right up, and get the carry-all ready, and his master's horse, and your help and have it all ready right away.'

I let him go, and you would have thought I had shot him off. I put a pile of blankets in the carry-all, and Barney and Dan went down five miles to Cow Pond, and fished 'em all out and carried 'em home; and we've washed our hands of them quality ever since.

Well, it's most dark. Good-by, honey. You're mighty pleasant company. I've enjoyed myself powerful.

### MASISTA.

#### Step-Mothers.

The opinion of the juvenile world, and indeed of the world generally, with regard to step-mothers, is not flattering to that class of matrons. There is, however, a strong infusion of prejudice and injustice in many popular opinions, and this is one of them. The prevailing impression in relation to old maids is another. Second wives and spinsters who have reached their autumnal equinox, are not necessarily, or indeed commonly, the unamiable creatures they are represented to be by vulgar proverbialists. Who is there among us that has not found among the single sisterhood of "a certain age" models of womanly gentleness and worth, and known second wives whose tenderness to their step-children could not have been surpassed by the mother that bore them. The offspring of a first marriage are almost invariably disposed, either from selfish motives of a pecuniary nature, or the prejudices of education, or both, to look upon a step-mother's face. They regard her as an interloper, a task-mistress, an ogress, whose great end and aim in life is to monopolize their father's affection and his worldly goods, and between whom and themselves no feelings can exist save distrust and hatred. This predisposition, or rather predetermination, on the part of the children to consider their step-mother their foe, is likely enough to make her so. The temper and disposition must be of exceeding sweetness that can stand such an ordeal without souring; and there can be but little doubt that the origin of many family feuds growing out of second marriages might be traced to the aggressive acts of step-children. But the law of kindness is a love-compelling ordinance, and its persevering observance will overcome the strongest antipathies. Let the second wife who desires to secure the affection of her husband's motherless children, meet their hostility with the soft answers that turn away wrath and the disinterestedness that disarms prejudice, and she is sure in the end to make a conquest of their hearts.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST EDITOR.—PITTSFIELD, Massachusetts, May 9.—The Hon. Phineas Allen, senior editor of the Pittsfield Star, died yesterday, at the age of 84 years. He was the oldest editor in the country.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Cicero.

### The Future.

God, the ever wise and glorious,  
Hides the Future from our sight,  
Flings the veil of destiny o'er us,  
Sombre as the shades of night;  
Bids us be content with knowing  
But the Present and the Past,  
And with one decisive mandate,  
Flashes all that we would ask.

The mysterious far-off Future—  
Like the God that gave us birth—  
Dare we ask to raise the curtain—  
See poor mortals of the earth?  
Question the all-seeing wisdom  
Of the glorious One above,  
When the every breath we're breathing  
Is testimonial of his love.

'Tis a pleasing, yet most dreadful,  
Subject for a mortal mind,  
And we're groping in the darkness,  
To its mysteries ever blind.  
Yet 'tis kind in the Creator  
Thus to shroud our coming years,  
That we dread not future sorrows,  
And expect not future tears.

Did we know the threatening sorrows,  
Could we see the shadows nigh,  
Every heart would beat with sadness,  
Every smile change to a sigh.  
Did we know that friends we cherish  
Would betray the trust reposed,  
And the faults of erring mortals—  
Were they all at once disclosed.

Then indeed a dreary prison  
Would this beguiling world appear,  
Every sweet be turned to bitter,  
Every bright hope to a fear.  
And though friendship may be fleeting,  
Though it be a mocking name,  
Still while fancy makes it blessed,  
Makes it seeming, 'tis the same.

Oh! 'tis good and kind the Wise One  
Hid the Future from our sight,  
Veiled in darkness coming pleasures,  
Hid life's ever withering might.  
Childhood fits the word "to-morrow,"  
And the Future is the theme  
Which from infancy to manhood  
Cheers us as a withering dream.

That Man Deserves Your Praise.  
Know you a man whose early life  
Had little promise but of care,  
Whose prospects in this wild world strife  
Were anything but fair;  
Who yet has, step by step, uprose  
Above the dreams of early days,  
And smiles upon his youthful woes?  
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man whose soul outpour  
Widened to moldings spheres;  
Who moves mankind's half hidden stores  
Of joyfulness and tears;  
Who sings of what is good and fair,  
And wishes strife and warlike fray  
Had ceased to cause mankind despair;  
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man of wealth and fame  
Who kindly leniency to the poor,  
Not seeking to blaze forth his name  
At every rich man's door;  
Who daily doth good by stealth  
In many different kindly ways?  
That man has lofty moral wealth—  
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man who aims to teach  
True moral values to follow men,  
By life and action, time and speech,  
By payment and by pen;  
Who shows unto the rising race,  
A thousand pleasing rainbow rays,  
Throughout this vast created space,  
That man deserves your praise.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Miss Maria Post, widow of Captain Post, an officer in the Continental army, expired on Sunday last at her residence in Aqueduct town, Passaic county, New Jersey. Deceased had reached the age of one hundred and six years, having been born in 1754.

At the breaking out of the revolution she married, and lived with her husband until 1847, when the latter died at the age of 97. Forty of her descendants, including several great-grandchildren, and a daughter eighty-one years old, attended her funeral.

GOOD ADVICE.—A well meaning but intemperate divine, whose furious denunciations of the shortcomings of his flock justly laid him open to the commentary passed on Charles Fox, that though he knew how to hit the right nail on the head, he generally hit it till he split his work, was once impelled to ask one of his congregation what he thought of his philippics. "Sir," said his friend, "I think that good advice is like brandy and water; a capital thing in its way, but nobody likes to swallow it scolding hot."

CALIFORNIA INTERVIEW.—A German was riding along Sansone street, in Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned about and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and he took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other, "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German; "I have owned this horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken; excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague said the severest thing ever uttered of her sex:

"It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman—the reflection, that by no possibility shall I ever marry one."

Pompey said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Cicero.

### Perilous Situation.

A lady on the steamboat A. T. Lacey, recently burned up on the Mississippi, furnishes the following particulars of her peril and escape. We preface the narrative by remarking that she had recently been married.

The fire occurred about 10 o'clock at night and most of the passengers had retired; but I could not rest, and requested Mrs. Lacey to stay up with me a while, a presentiment of evil was resting on my mind. As Mr. and Mrs. Lacey and myself were conversing on the subject of steamboats, I asked Mr. L. what was the best course to pursue in case of fire. He replied:

"In the first place, get a life preserver secured on the person, then see what use of value can be saved from the state room, as money, jewels, etc., and keep your presence of mind. But you do not feel afraid on my boat?"

Just at that moment there was an unusual tumult below, and I answered,—"We will wait and see what that means," and almost immediately the danger was upon us. Such a scene as followed no one can describe.

Remembering the conversation with Mr. Lacey, I went direct to my room, put on my bonnet and shawl, and my little companion on my arm, after putting in my wedding day Bible, the prayer book my mother gave me, and a few other things; then taking a life-preserver in my hand, I walked out on the guard to face the foe. I did not know how to fasten the preserver on, and there was no one to show me—all was consternation and despair. I found a man pale as death and paralyzed with fear, who could tell me nothing for fright; another one on whom I called, who was shaking with fear, said, "Have courage," to which I replied, "I have twice as much as you, sir." This appeared to nerve him up a little, and he assisted me to put on my life-preserver, which was soon was needed.

By this time the flames and smoke were dangerously pressing upon us, and I asked the gentleman if he would not try to save me; he replied, "I hardly expect to save myself."

"Well, won't you promise to aid me all you can?" I inquired. "Yes," he said; and then a man in the water told me to jump over for life; and it was true, for the fire was upon us. I tried to do so, but my clothing caught on some part of the boat and threw me so that I fell upon my back on some drift wood in the water, which so stunned and disabled me I was almost reduced to utter helplessness, and falling the way I did, my clothing became saturated, and instead of saving me up in the water, dragged me down, so that I could neither right myself nor raise my head out of the water.

I now perceived that the eddying of the water caused by the revolving wheel, was fast drawing me beneath the death-holding paddles, a fate I was utterly powerless to avoid, and which I expected every moment to meet. But at this critical instant, I felt the strong grasp of a strong arm upon my shoulder, and in a few seconds I was dragged from my perilous situation, and aided by three or four gentlemen, I finally reached the shore in safety—having lost my money, jewels, wardrobe and everything but the clothes I had on, yet truly thankful that my life was spared, for I had seen numbers, who jumped into the water before me, sink to rise no more, and I could hardly expect a different fate, as I, too, committed myself to the tide.